NATIONAL REVIEW

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October 6, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Bolivian Follies

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Minutes of a Communist Meeting

SPECIAL REPORT

Caution: Integration at Work

SAM M. JONES

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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JAMES BURNHAM · L. BRENT BOZELL · BEN RAY REDMAN

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For the Record

Stevenson wired the NAACP that the recent Washington hearings on integration "were serving no constructive purpose." . . . President Eisenhower said he didn't believe the probe would hurt integration in the District. . . . For $20,000 any one can order one million copies of the latest GOP propaganda vehicle, a comic book which tells, through pictures, why veterans, small businessmen, farmers, housewives and laborers voted Republican in 1952 (and should again in '56).

Willard Thorpe, Assistant Secretary of State in the Acheson era, told a congressional committee investigating our foreign economic policies that the U.S. embargo of strategic goods to the Soviet Union and its satellites should be lifted. . . . U.S. dollar expenditures abroad, both in foreign aid and in purchases, were estimated by the International Monetary Fund at $5 billion a year, exclusive of outright gifts of military equipment.

First break in the government's tight money policy: the decision to reduce some down-payment requirements and to ease the flow of mortgage money in order to stimulate low-cost home building. . . . Between mid-June and mid-August, the consumer price index declined 0.2 per cent, the first decrease in seven months. Reasons: a seasonal dip in fresh fruit and vegetable prices. . . . Dues for members of the United Steelworkers Union of America will go up from three to five dollars a month as union leaders aim at a $50 million war chest.

The British Government assured Ceylon last week that the two British bases in Ceylon would not be used in the event of war over the Suez Canal. Ceylon has been agitating for the withdrawal of British troops ever since the election of neutralist Prime Minister Bandaranaike last spring.

Nearly one-tenth of the 18,000,000 persons in East Germany have, since 1949, crossed over to West Berlin or West Germany. . . . French hopes of solving the Algerian problem through negotiations took a turn for the worse last week when influential Abderrahman Fares, considered one of the more moderate of the Algerian leaders, threw his support to the National Liberation Front which has refused to settle for anything less than full independence.

The New York State Commissioner of Education, James Allen, has ordered the reinstatement of three teachers who have admitted Communist Party membership in the past but refused to name other party members. Allen said their suspension by New York City education authorities was a "type inquisition [which] does more harm than good." . . . The Soviet diplomat who left Canada last month "because of illness in his family" was actually expelled for trying to buy information on Canada's new CF-105 delta wing jet fighter.

Indonesia has adopted press censorship in a move to still criticism of recent visits by the Indonesian President and Foreign Minister to the Soviet Union. . . . Communist China, with two footholds in Burma already, reportedly threw another thousand troops across the border in a remote region of Northeast Burma.

The State Department believes that the Soviet Union may still hold $350 million dollars in bonds which disappeared from Germany at the end of World War Two. . . . French Socialist André Philip said, after a visit to the Soviet Union, that Russian grain production had grown only 8 per cent above the 1913 level, despite the vast collectivization drives of the past 30 years. . . . Name change: the Russian Packard-type car Zis is now called the Zil. (Zis is short for "Factory of Stalin," Zil, "Factory of Lenin".)

Turkey's strict new press laws literally silence the press: a fifteen-year-old newsboy who yelled out a headline the other day in Ankara's main Ulus Square now faces trial and a possible $180 fine for that offense.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Mr. Nixon has drawn the curtain on a cornucopia bountiful beyond the dreams of avarice. Out of it pour forth cars, television sets and leisure time, in endless profusion; by contrast with it, the vision of Adlai Stevenson is that of an ascetic. In the "not too distant future," said Mr. Nixon, we can expect a four-day week—provided, of course, we vote for Eisenhower. Walter Reuther, always there with the paper clips and the certified public accountant, immediately asked that the dream be reduced to paper. He challenged Nixon and Republican leaders to commit themselves to legislation specifying a four-day week for federal employees. Barring that, he told the press and cued the Democrats, Nixon's speech must be written off as "merely an example of political expedience." For his part, Mr. Reuther added, he plans to go to bat for the four-day week when auto contracts come up for renewal in 1958. Whoever is President.

● Altogether, it was a bad day for Estes Kefauver. Old Keef has always had his troubles, but he never bargained on hell freezing over, or the cow jumping over the moon . . . On a single day last week, the Senator a) told a crowd in Minnesota how glad he was to be back in Nebraska, b) effusively thanked the elders of a hamlet world-famous for its graniteware for the "beautiful marble" gift they had made him, c) accused the Republicans of stacking the National Labor Relations Board with "pro-labor" men ("You mean anti-labor, don't you Senator?" "I *said* Labor Relations Board," the Senator nodded), d) stressed the dissimilarity between Eisenhower and Diogenes—who "spent his whole life in search of an honest *ladder*." Heaven only knows *what* would come out of an attempt by old Keef to take the Vice-Presidential oath of office! It might be worth finding out.

● Before the House Committee on Un-American Activities even arrived in New Haven, where it is scheduled to hold hearings, the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union wagered that the Committee would "browbeat" witnesses who fail to live up to the witch-hunters' "notion of 'cooperation'" and, to say the least, discourage their exercise of constitutional rights. The CLU's statement alerted the citizenry to the fact that "witnesses who inform on others" are not always reliable, that those who invoke the Fifth Amendment should *not* be suspected of having

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anything to hide, and to the fact that the Committee's "exposures have often magnified or distorted the actual danger of subversive persons." The CLU's rule of thumb seems to be that all investigating committees should be presumed guilty until proved ineffective.

● The case of Jesús de Galindez (NATIONAL REVIEW, August 11), the Columbia University lecturer who disappeared last March, continues to arouse public comment. The magazine *Argosy* is currently publishing a series of articles, signed Andrew St. George, that repeat in a sensational style the charge that President Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic had Mr. Galindez killed. In full-page newspaper advertisements, President Trujillo has denied any involvement, and has accused Galindez of being either a shady operator or an espionage agent. Meanwhile the oddest feature of the affair remains the total absence, after seven months, of any publicly disclosed results from the multiple investigations by police and security agencies.

● The Communist and neutralist delegates at the Atoms for Peace Conference displayed, during its first week, their usual sense of humor. Red China, they insisted, is entitled to be present when such momentous affairs are under discussion: she must, therefore, be invited to join. The proposed charter for a new atomic (for peace) agency, they simultaneously insisted, must not—as the West desires—seek to prevent diversion of atomic materials to warlike uses by giving the agency powers of inspection and control.

● An unverified dispatch from Poland states that a new spat has marred the remarriage of Belgrade and Moscow. It is said that the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, by a narrow vote, passed a motion denying that the Yugoslav Party is a truly Marxist-Leninist organization. (This, in Communist language, is equivalent to a husband's declaring that his wife was born out of wedlock.) According to the report, the dispute reflects a continuing struggle for power inside the Russian Party, with Molotov and Mikhail Suslov on this occasion leading a majority against Khrushchev and Bulganin.

● The British have just bidden farewell—not very cordially—to a noisy guest: Francis E. Rogers, who for six years has headed the famous U.S. Productivity Mission in England, and presumably knows a thing or two about the condition of British industry. "Your goods," he informed an audience of British industrial correspondents on the eve of his departure, "are shabby and overpriced. . . . You ought to substitute competition for complacency. . . . The average American tourist does not complain because he is 'benumbed' by the time he finds a hotel that can accommodate him." An official spokesman for the Federation of British Industries gasped back: ". . . so exaggerated and so sweeping that it destroys any truth there might be in his criticism." And *so*, to bed.

● If the good folk of New Delhi won't get rid of Nehru because of his foreign policy, maybe they will do so because of the regime of "partial prohibition" under which they are now living. Like everything else in India, "partial prohibition" is not so much partial as confused: you both *can* (at home, provided however that you don't own more than three bottles at once; and in clubs, provided it isn't Tuesday or Friday, and provided also only members are present) and you *can't* (not in a bar, not in a hotel, and not even outside, unless you have fetched it along in a thermos jug). It is only a local ordinance, to be sure, but could anything be more like a Nehru pronouncement on how to deal with Communism?

● Alexander Kukin, evidently a man with an eye for a fast ruble, has shown the Russian Government that it can happen there—even to a non-bureaucrat. By buying savings bonds cheap (from distress sellers) and selling them dear (to the thrifty), he made himself what would be considered, anywhere except Texas, a very rich man—*dacha,* long black automobiles, and all. Then the police moved in and, the courts having decided that was too much carrot and not enough stick, took it all away from him and socked him, and his family too, of course, in the jug—where to judge from what one hears of Soviet prisons, they will get plenty of stick. That old capitalist-tempter the Devil sure does get around, now doesn't he?

● Among the 45 merchant ships the French Government has requisitioned to supply its shock force in Cyprus is, we note with pleasure, one 3,226-ton wine tanker, felicitously named *Bacchus.* But if the recent pattern of events is maintained, Mr. Dulles will of course insist that it carry nothing stronger than *Eau de Vichy.*

● "What excellent selectivity of color!" gasped the judges at the Tennessee State Fair as they awarded first prize (for painting) to Charles Fontenay. Only after he had pocketed his blue ribbon did Fontenay reveal that he had started out with a dirty piece of grey canvas, used it for a while as a rag on which to clean brushes and shake off extra paint, and watched it take final shape when his topcoat accidentally rubbed against it. He failed to state whether, like Cézanne, he is astigmatic.

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The High Road

Everyone knows the formula for beginning a political address. But consider the baroque fulfillment of Adlai Stevenson. Listen . . . You can actually hear the calls being given, as though the whole thing were a Virginia reel . . .

Thank and compliment whoever introduced you. Thank you, my friends. And thank you, Senator Monroney, for that heartening introduction. *A note of levity.* Your references to my past contained a certain amount of exaggeration. I trust that your reference to my future was more precisely accurate. *Start in on the local politicians.* Your Senator makes it difficult, in a way, for me to say to you the things I had wanted to say about him. *Say it anyway.* I had wanted to say that the rest of us throughout this country have a great and warm affection for this man who carries with such gentleness of bearing his extraordinary wisdom and fortitude; and that we count—*Call him by his first name*—Mike Monroney one of the most distinguished, dedicated and effective fighters for responsible liberalism in America today. *Is he running for office?* But since he is here—and because he is also a man who likes to get right to the point—let me only say that I join you in thinking it is mighty important—*Stress national importance of local man*—not just to Oklahoma but to the United States—that Mike Monroney be returned to the Senate this fall. *Anybody else?* You seem to have a habit of picking good Senators here in Oklahoma. I know Bob Kerr isn't up for election this year but he is a long-time friend of mine, a man whose advice and counsel I have turned to on many occasions. *Everybody is crazy about the local man.* I do want to say here today how very much his leadership means not only to all of us in the Democratic Party, but to all of us, regardless of party, in the nation. *Any local boy out of office and still in the public mind?* And, finally, I have had the special pleasure of riding across country today on a highway named for one Oklahoma Governor—Roy Turner, whose friendship I have prized over the years, *Mustn't miss anybody, now*—and in company with your Governor Raymond Gary—who has already won the spurs of leadership in the rising generation of able, young Democratic statesmen. This is the kind of day—with these gentlemen—that makes me—*Say it in the vernacular*—mighty proud to be a Democrat—and I sure am proud. *The occasion. Whatever it is, it's a very special one. Your favorite.* It is a particular pleasure for me to join you here today at your state fair. I used to be a Governor myself; and of all the privileges of governorship, none pleased me more than my annual chance to take part in the great Illinois State Fair. *Things were better in the good old days.* And I am proud that during my administration of the state fair we reduced a Republican deficit of three quarters of a million dollars to barely a quarter. I'm told that under Republican management it's back up there again now. *Now wade in.*

And Adlai Stevenson did. The Republicans are against old age. And stuff and stuff. And dignity. And usefulness. And for big business.

"Via capitum ovatorum dura est," Adlai Stevenson said, on opening a lecture series (on statesmanship) at Harvard, a couple of years ago. The road of the egghead *is* hard—so hard, he doesn't take it any more.

Trauma Either Way

Mr. Sam Jones writes this week about the extraordinary revelations of the Davis Committee of the House of Representatives which has in recent weeks been looking into the results of integrated schooling in the District of Columbia. The Committee has not yet issued a report, but soon will; there is speculation as to whether remedial legislation will be recommended.

What the Davis Committee found is horrible to contemplate. Briefly, the situation in Washington schools is said to be explosive, as the result of social animosities between Negro and White students, disparate academic achievement, and other tensions traceable to integration. Mr. Jones writes, sorrowfully, that it may be the problem will be solved only by a more or less total emigration of white people from the District of Columbia to Virginia.

It would be a grievous mistake to draw any rigid conclusions from the ferment in Washington. Perhaps the difficulties reported by witnesses before the committee were unavoidable and will, in due course, dissipate. But one *can* conclude that the community of Washington, D. C., and others like it, face grave problems, and that therefore the closest attention should be given to studying the nature of those problems.

Notwithstanding, the most earnest friends of integration-at-any-price seem to be dead set against looking into the problem. Any time evidence uncongenial to their position gets unearthed, they are against the evidence, against those who amass it, and quick to impute barbarous motives to them. The Davis investigation was denounced by the *Washington Post,* scoffed at by the *New York Times* and *Time* magazine, railed against by the NAACP; Hugh Scott, sometime chairman of the Republican National Committee deplored it, as did Adlai Stevenson, and so on. Why? Because some of the data the Committee dug up seemed to inconvenience the thesis that the answer to just about everything in sight is Integration.

The Davis Committee has served not only a social

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purpose, but a legal one as well—the latter because the Supreme Court's decision outlawing segregated schooling was based on the sociological proposition that under a separated school system the Negro is deprived of his constitutional rights because—and the Supreme Court cited expert sociologists as authority—he is traumatically disturbed and rendered unhappy by that separation. Now here are witnesses, a number of schoolteachers, who maintain that it is their experience that the Negro is infinitely unhappier under integration than ever he was before. If that is fact, is the Supreme Court decision invalid?

We draw only this conclusion: The investigation was useful; and we wonder why persons normally wedded to the proposition that truth makes men free, and eager to tabulate human responses in every conceivable situation, should oppose this inquiry into the consequences of one of the crucial experiments of our time.

"Anti-Monopoly Coalition"

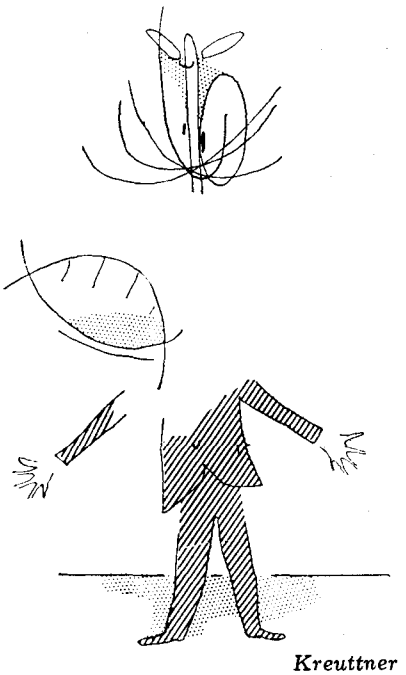
In preparation for the Sixteenth Convention of the Communist Party of the United States, summoned (with a droll sense of irony) for next Lincoln's Birthday, the National Committee has issued a 25,000-word "Draft Resolution" to chart the party's de-Stalinized course.

Although this profoundly boring document will have few readers, all Americans will in one or another way be affected by its strategic and tactical proposals. We shall have future occasion to comment on it in various contexts—for example, on the role destined for it in the party's drive to cast off the legal difficulties caused by designation as "an agent of a foreign power" and an adherent of "force and violence." Here we wish to summarize the general political perspective.

The party, looking at the present situation, finds it good. Not perfect, but good beyond all expectation. "International tension has been eased and the war danger, though still present, has been reduced . . . Rampant McCarthyism has been checked . . . The American people stand on the threshold of great democratic advance."

This improvement has taken place during the past two years, primarily through two great events. First, "the year 1954 marked a certain turning point. McCarthyism, the most virulent expression of pro-fascist reaction, was checked." And two: "In July 1955, the Eisenhower Administration was compelled to drop its opposition to great power negotiations, meet with the Soviet Union at Geneva, and formally renounce the use of force to resolve differences."

Turning to the future: "The principal obstacle to all advances of the American people today, as in the past, is their traditional enemy: the Monopolies. Blocking the path to the new great advances possible today stands Big Business."



Kreuttner

"My life is an Open Book—but start on page 265, otherwise you'll be Turning Back the Clock!"

The key to the strategy for conquering Big Business is the party's complete break with "left sectarian tactics" and "the formation of an anti-monopoly coalition" (i.e., a broad Popular Front, renamed in terms of the native American populist tradition).

To form the anti-monopoly coalition, "labor, the Negro people, the farmers and small business . . . will regroup [their forces] in certain cases within the GOP, but especially within the Democratic Party."

The coalition will direct its fire above all against "certain of the most reactionary financial and political circles [that] openly oppose Geneva and flatly reject peaceful negotiations, trade and coexistence, especially with China . . . Their ultimate aim is a fascist Fortress America, equipped with overwhelming superiority in air-atomic arms. In its crudest form this is the view of the McCarthy-Jenner-Eastland forces and in a more refined form, of Knowland and of Nixon."

In advancing the general policy of the anti-monopoly coalition, the following are among the specific demands for which the party will struggle:

"Equal rights for the Negro people [as] the No. 1 unfinished democratic task confronting the whole American people. . .

"Repeal of the Taft-Hartley and McCarran-Walter Acts. . .

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"Curbing or abolishing the congressional witch-hunt committees. . .

"Revision or repeal of such 'anti-subversive' laws as the Smith and McCarran Acts. . .

"Defend the Supreme Court against Dixiecrat-McCarthyite attacks. . .

"Return of the scandalous 'giveaways' (Tidelands Oil, etc.) to the government. . .

"Nationalize the atomic energy industry, and all public utilities."

Any resemblance between this program and that of any other party is, of course, purely coincidental.

Tales from the Kentucky Woods

> *Clay, Ky., Sept. 12*—Five hundred rifle-packing troops gave two young Negro children the right to attend the white school today. Moving under the cover of early morning darkness and employing wartime weapons of secrecy and surprise, armed members of the Kentucky National Guard and sixty Kentucky State Troopers rolled into Clay today to give a young woman the right to send her two children to a public school that never before has had a Negro pupil. *New York Herald Tribune*

"Tell us how you got your medal, Grandpa!"

It was the children's favorite story, and Grandpa never needed much urging.

"Well, young 'uns, it was back in the summer of '56, long before your time, and even your Daddy was no bigger than Dwight Earl here. Over in Clay, across that there hill we're looking at, the enemy had surrounded the target area—what they used to call 'a school' in those days, a People's Unity Center that is.

"There was a pair of young Brunettes trying to get through the enemy lines, scouts of ours I guess you'd call them, and the enemy had them blocked off.

"On midnight, 11 September, our General, J.J.B. Williams his name was, called us together.

"'We're going to launch a surprise attack on that target right this very hour. Yesterday I pulled our scouts back from the front and sent them over to a hideout called Providence. I had their mother tell the reporters they had given up their mission to reach the target, and the papers printed it all over the country. That's what they call Psychological Warfare back in Washington.

"'When they read the papers last evening, the enemy disbanded. They're all back home asleep, and now's our chance.

"'We're going to start right now. I'm sending five hundred of you men, and all the tanks and guns and weapons-carriers you need. And we got sixty carloads of state coppers converging from west and south!'

"It was darker than a whiskey still as we rolled into that Clay village, and we took our posts around the target, and the other squads on each side of us all the way around, and the coppers in the streets leading up to each entrance.

"After sunup the enemy began to come out of the houses, not expecting ary a thing. You should have seen their faces, the way their jaws dropped, when they saw our lines and the tanks in place and the guns at ready.

"They shouted terrible things at us, and they even told us that old school was theirs and we didn't have no right taking it away from them. You can't hardly believe what people used to do in the old days, making trouble and disagreeing and even voting wrong. But none of us budged. And that's the way we won that victory that folks up north've been talking about ever since."

Dishonest Brokers

Prominent among the unhappy by-products of the Suez affair is the further projection of India in the role of a disinterested umpire. Messrs. Nehru and Menon are not only tolerated but actually invited by the State Department to mediate between Egypt and the West.

Messrs. Nehru and Menon are particularly disqualified for such a role. Their anti-Western resentments, their pro-socializing economic attitudes, their bias in practice toward the Soviet viewpoint, are on abundant record. Mr. Nehru is a self-seeking worshipper of Mr. Nehru. The bitter Mr. Krishna Menon, with his lengthy history of direct involvement in Communist-run organizations, is a grotesque caricature of a mediator. He never got anywhere until our diplomatic representatives started playing up to him. It is our representatives who constantly call on India, as throughout the Suez affair, to bridge the gaps and umpire the bouts.

If we choose umpires who have their money on our opponent, we have no right to be shocked by their decisions.

Since announcing, two weeks ago, that Dr. Bella Dodd had filed suit against Mr. Richard Rovere for allegedly libeling her in *Harper's* magazine, we have heard—from Mr. Rovere—that her complaint was dismissed under a statute of limitations. And now, since hearing from Mr. Rovere, we learn from Dr. Dodd that she has decided to appeal the decision of the junior court. Mr. Rovere also calls to our attention the fact that the Fund for the Republic distributed 25,000, not 250,000, copies of his article. That error appeared in the press release on the basis of which NATIONAL REVIEW reported the item. We regret the misrepresentation.

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Bolster Young Conservatives

"As a college student, I have found NATIONAL REVIEW invaluable in that it has time and again bolstered my faith in the conservative cause. . . . It is indeed a comfort to know that all political journals are no longer safely within the fold of the liberal conformists . . ."

Ivy League Undergraduate

Over 1,000 Students
Last Year Requested NATIONAL REVIEW
From the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists

The ISI is four years old. It is an organization dedicated to furnishing students with educational material on the principles of the free economy, limited government, and anti-Communism.

The organization, of which Mr. Frank Chodorov is president, collects no dues, imposes no obligations—except that once a year members must specifically request to remain on its rolls. Otherwise, their membership in ISI lapses.

Many students in America are hard up. They cannot afford to pay the full subscription price for NATIONAL REVIEW; and NATIONAL REVIEW cannot afford to send them the magazine free. But NATIONAL REVIEW will give subscriptions to the ISI at the mere manufacturing cost (paper, printing and fulfillment) of five dollars—provided the student who wants the magazine puts up a dollar of his own money.

Will you help finance subscriptions for college students who request NATIONAL REVIEW? Specifically: Will you make up the difference for a student who shows enough interest to send in one dollar for a subscription?

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Great American Slumber

On the one issue that really matters, the 1956 returns are already in: a majority of the American people have lost interest in Communism—in both its domestic and external manifestations. What we have here, let us note, is not so much an unwillingness on the part of the candidates to exploit the issue as an unwillingness on the part of the electorate to listen.

Under some circumstances, the two great parties will choose to exclude a given subject from a campaign, even though feeling on the subject is running high with a majority of the voters. But when this happens, it has got to be for one of two reasons. Either both parties are indisputably identified with the *majority* view (e.g., support of collective bargaining), in which case neither party can hope to score against the other by raising the issue; or both parties have previously committed themselves to the *minority* view (e.g., increased foreign aid), in which case neither can try to score against the other without repudiating itself.

However, if party A is vulnerable to attack (meaning that it is identified with policies to which a majority of voters are reflexively opposed, and party B is not so identified) party B *will* attack—*if there is enough voter interest to sustain the battle.*

If party B's leader is politically perverse, he can, by example and exhortation, diminish the intensity of the attack. But he cannot—even if he possesses the prestige of Mr. Eisenhower—prevent it; and for the reason that party B's lesser candidates are more concerned with getting themselves elected than with accommodating their party leader.

In 1956, both parties are, in different areas, vulnerable on the Communist issue. Assuming that a substantial majority of Americans reflexively prefer a tough security program to a lenient one, the Democratic Party is wide open to attack. Assuming a substantial majority of Americans reflexively regard the Soviet Union as a dangerous enemy, the GOP is wide open to attack.

In the internal security field, the Democrats are saddled with a provable record of negligence; and what is more important, they have neither acknowledged past errors, nor promised to act differently in the future. For Harry Truman, the Hiss case is still a "red herring"; Hiss was not, after all, "a Communist spy" and Harry Dexter White and Nathan Silvermaster "were not guilty of anything." For Dean Acheson (*A Democrat Looks at His Party*), the only thing wrong with his State Department was that it had a security program. For Adlai Stevenson, the government security program is a "hunt for spies in the Bureau of Wildlife and Fisheries" (1952) and "a persecution" of "innocent men" (1956). For Stevenson, the Harry Dexter White case is significant only as an instance of Republicans "waving a red flag" (1953). Stevenson, moreover, has never questioned the testimony (1954) of Admiral Staton that during the war Stevenson refused to fire maritime radio operators who were found to be security risks because (Stevenson is quoted as saying) "I don't think we ought to be too tough on the Commies." Nor has Stevenson acknowledged that his judgment was immature in this instance. In 1955 a spate of Democrat-led Senate Committees tore into the government security program on the general charge of over-toughness.

On all such questions, the Republican Party is identified with antithetical positions, e.g., for all their doctrinal ambiguities, Republicans are quite sure that Hiss *was* a spy and, even more important, that his penetration of the State Department is illustrative of a great peril. But the GOP sees nothing to be gained in pointing this out.

How different in 1952! Just as Truman wouldn't have dared to express his views about Hiss in the 1952 campaign, Nixon, in 1952, wouldn't have dreamed of letting Stevenson off the hook. When put to the test, Stevenson, in 1956, did *not* repudiate Truman; he did *not* dissociate himself from Truman's sophistry on the point that a perjury conviction signified nothing about spying; and he failed even to mention Truman's evaluation of White and Silvermaster. But then who, in a position to know, would question Nixon's political judgment, in 1956, in laying off? In 1952, New York Republicans would not have dared to nominate a Javits.

On foreign policy, the GOP's vulnerability goes without saying. Consider some voter reflexes: Does the average voter think Soviet satellites should have been abandoned? That it was wise to surrender half of Indo-China? That it was wise to permit Russia to penetrate the Middle East? Does he believe in "coexistence"? The Republicans are indictable on these and a score of similar counts—but only on the level of "they shouldn't have done it," *not* on the level of "throw the scoundrels out for having done it."

And this is not because Democrats lack standing to level the charges. Their own record, to be sure, is not a model of anti-Sovietism; but it is by all odds more impressive than Eisenhower's. They challenged Communism in Korea, they resisted in Greece and Turkey and, of crucial importance, they encouraged the popular judgment that the Soviet Union was a dangerous enemy.

Averell Harriman based his bid for the Presidential nomination on anti-Sovietism. At the Chicago convention, there was nothing incongruous about Harriman literature which blasted "Geneva appeasement" and quoted anti-Ave statements by the Kremlin. It simply bored people.

What is responsible for public indifference to Communism? Man's inability to sustain enmity unless there is blood on the floor? The soporifics administered by the Eisenhower Administration? The impact of the Communist propaganda machine, which in 1953 ostentatiously set as its twin goals "the destruction of McCarthyism" and "the relieving of world tensions"? No matter what it is, it is there, and it has claims to being the most momentous political development of the decade.

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Caution: Integration at Work

The problems of school integration in the nation's capital may be eventually solved by the steady migration of the white population out of the District of Columbia. This "solution" would leave a minority of white children almost completely submerged in a Negro academic world.

Last week, the Davis Subcommittee of the House District Committee neared the end of its five-month study of juvenile delinquency and integration problems after interviewing some 500 teachers, principals and supervisors and hearing the testimony of fifty witnesses. The forthcoming Committee report will be of prime importance to every thoughtful citizen.

In addition to Chairman Davis of Georgia, the Democratic members of the committee are Williams of Mississippi, Jones of North Carolina; the Republicans Broyhill of Virginia, Miller of Nebraska, and Hyde of Maryland. William E. Gerber, Memphis attorney, a former head of the Memphis B'nai Brith, is committee counsel. George McCown, Florence, South Carolina, serves as education analyst. The investigation covered schools from elementary grades to senior high, and was city-wide in scope. Most of the evidence was elicited from professional academic sources. Comparative studies were made in all-white[1], all-Negro and integrated schools. Comparative statistics were introduced to show conditions before and after integration.

Prior to desegregation, the District schools were administered separately as two independent divisions, white and colored, with a single school superintendent as head of both. Each division had the same share of money, required the same teaching qualifications, followed the same curriculum. The white division had white teachers, principals and supervisors; the colored division had Negro personnel.

The "achievement tests" after integration disclosed that the *average* Negro student was from one to one-and-a-half grades behind his white classmates. A standard IQ test revealed a white *average* ranging from 105 to 111 and a Negro average of 87 to 89. (An intelligence quotient of 85 is generally considered the minimum for receiving education.)

Integration brought a mixing of races in teaching and administrative personnel as well as among students. Edith Lyons, Negro, assistant superintendent of schools, is now in charge of all elementary schools (67,000 pupils), white and colored. Her staff is 90 per cent Negro. In some instances Negro pupils have white teachers, and in others white pupils are taught by Negroes. About 75 per cent of the supervisors are Negroes.

Data on juvenile delinquency placed before the Committee revealed a marked increase in truancy, theft, vandalism and sex offenses in integrated schools. Dances and dramatic presentations have been quietly given up by most high schools. Senior and junior class plays have been discontinued. Inter-racial fights are frequent and constant vigilance is required to prevent molestation or attempted molestation of white girls by Negro boys or girls. In contrast, the schools *outside* the integrated neighborhoods have no more such problems than they had four years ago.

Testimony of teachers and principals strongly indicated that they accept integration. Mrs. Elva C. Wells, principal of Theodore Roosevelt High School, tried to lay plans to meet the inevitable change before the Supreme Court decision. She found herself totally unprepared, however, for the antagonism and belligerency which the Negro students displayed on entering Roosevelt High. Roosevelt was all-white before integration; it is now about 60 per cent Negro.

In addition to the scholastic and social implications of the information obtained by the Davis Subcommittee, there have been political repercussions. Adlai Stevenson stated that the investigation served no constructive purpose. Democratic Representative Roy Weir of Minnesota urged the Committee to fire its counsel, William Gerber, for alleged "disgraceful conduct of a congressional hearing." Neither Mr. Stevenson nor Mr. Weir was on the scene and it is unlikely that they had an opportunity to read the transcript. The record shows, as the Liberal press of Washington does not, that the problems of integration are extremely serious and that no solution is in sight.

It also shows that the hearings were conducted in a courteous, temperate manner. Professional friends of integration received the same fair treatment as those opposed. During the hearings, Washington newspapers commonly referred to the Subcommittee as pro-segregationist. This might be an accurate inference drawn from the home states of the respective Democratic members at the hearings, but the Congressmen's convictions certainly did not interfere with their attitude toward witnesses.

The Republican members, primarily engaged in the effort to be re-elected, hardly took part in the proceedings. The NAACP made futile attempts to halt the hearings by appeals to Speaker Rayburn, House Majority Leader McCormack and President Eisenhower.

The investigation disclosed that Baltimore and Louisville, with comparable problems, undertook thorough studies of possible hazards before integration was begun. Louisville made preparations for two years. Studies were begun in Baltimore more than ten years ago. In Washington there was no city-wide effort to plan the merging of the dual school system, nor has there been any concentrated attempt (aside from those made by teachers and school officials) to cope with the troubles arising from mandatory integration.

[1] "All-white" and "all-Negro" is an approximation. In most of these schools there is a fractional white or colored minority.

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Letter from La Paz

Bolivian Follies

Filled with self-pity, the Movimiento bleeds Bolivia white with Nationalization. And our State Department gives its blessing—and our dollars

WILLMOORE KENDALL

September 1956

If the British and French *were* to defy Mr. Dulles, and *were* to go into Egypt, and *were* to arrest Nasser, what they ought to do with him is, quite simply, send him to the Bolivian *altiplano*—and make him write a report about what he sees and hears and learns.

Nasser *deserves* the initial two days of heaviness and fatigue and mental fog that await the newly-arrived visitor from sea-level, the cold he catches on the third day, the seven subsequent sleepless days and nights, during which he lies abed and gasps and strains for that precious minimum of oxygen you need in order to keep alive, first believing, and then hoping, that every breath will be the last. He deserves, too, the injections that Latin American physicians give you for a cold, the resultant uninterrupted consciousness of the taste of oil-of-cloves on the palate. He deserves, especially, the long night hours during which you cannot even study the design of the wallpaper, because there is a power shortage, and because the regulations forbid the use of a light-bulb stronger than ten watts, so that all you can do is toss and turn and meditate about your sins. He deserves that especially, I say, because the power-shortage is one of the more obvious results, in Bolivia, of an outdoor sport at which Nasser is only a beginner while the Bolivians are old hands—namely, Nationalization of Basic Industries.

Let me not, however, convey the impression that wisdom concerning the evils of nationalization is the only —or even the most important— wisdom to be gained on the *altiplano*.

Nationalization has, rather, brought in its train merely the evils any well-informed observer would have expected: rapid deterioration of the nationalized properties—as a result of failure to set aside adequate funds for maintenance; declining production as a result of incompetent management, and, as a further consequence, declining proceeds and diminished revenue for the government; inflation, which as of this writing has assumed in Bolivia astronomical proportions; large-scale graft, which even high officials of the government do not take the trouble to deny or conceal; endless queues in front of the food shops, in which housewives actually take their places early in the evening and keep them throughout the night.

Behind the Nationalization

Bolivia, in other words, is being fantastically misgoverned. It is poor and hungry, and going to get poorer and hungrier. But the nationalization that made it poor and hungry did not occur out of the blue, and thus the interesting questions about Bolivia have to do, firstly, with a sickness of mind and heart. They have to do, secondly, with the curious impact of the United States State Department and the United States Embassy in La Paz upon recent Bolivian politics. And they have to do, finally, with the weird but increasingly popular notion that the United States has no "ideology" worth exporting.

But before going into that, let me set forth a few indispensable facts:

1. Bolivian Ambassador in Washington Víctor Andrade has got across to an astonishing number of people the notion that the Movimiento Nacional Revolutionario's revolution has been a crucial step forward in a continuing struggle by the Bolivian masses for democracy, decent living standards, and justice. Andrade has also convinced them that the more extreme measures in its program, besides being desirable in and of themselves, have literally been forced upon it by a virtually unanimous public opinion, and that, therefore, anyone with decent Liberal sentiments must wish it well. According to the Movimiento's enemies, on the other hand, it is out-and-out Communist. Both these pictures, in this correspondent's view, are false. The second owes what plausibility it possesses to the fact that the Movimiento's major "reforms"—nationalization of the tin mines, expropriation and distribution of large land holdings, monopolization of foreign commerce by the government, universal suffrage, the liquidation of the armed forces, establishment of the principle of "worker" (that is, union) participation in management of the tin mines, the concentration of ultimate coercive power in militias of workers and peasants—had all figured prominently in the programs of the Communist and Trotskyite parties before the Movimiento came to power. (They had, but the desired conclusion clearly doesn't follow.) Andrade's claims, on the other hand, are mainly sheer fabrication, intended for Liberal consumption in the United States. ("You have to admit," the chief Public Relations officer of the Bolivian Government said to your correspondent, "that we've had a mighty good press up there. But don't attribute that too much to Ambassador Andrade. He says merely what the public relations firm of Selvage and Lee tell him to.")

In any case, the MNR Government is not the prisoner but the jailer of Bolivia's workers and peasants. The overwhelming majority of the latter live, as their grandparents did, by grubbing a bare subsistence out of the incredibly stingy soil of the *altiplano*, speak languages (Aymará and Quechua) that the Spanish-speaking, predominantly middle-class MNR leaders can't even say "good morning" in, don't know how to

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read and write, and never heard of the sort of social welfare measures Ambassador Andrade talks up. The government does, indeed, have under way some programs (in public health, development of communications, agricultural experimentation, etc.) that presumably would, over the decades, contribute to the welfare of Bolivia's masses. But the impetus for these programs does *not* come from within the MNR, or even from within Bolivia. And nothing can be more certain than that the basic policies of the MNR have by progressively bankrupting the Bolivian economy plunged the country's general population into ever-deepening misery.

Beggar on a Golden Throne

2. The MNR is, in fact, exactly what its name implies. It is *revolutionary*, in the sense that it is based upon flat repudiation of Bolivia's past. And it is *nationalist*, in the sense that the past its members repudiate is a past that they identify almost exclusively with the "exploitation" of Bolivia by another nation, namely, the United States. Probe a little further into the *movimientista's* mind, moreover, and you will find the odd notion that that other nation has exploited Bolivia by purchasing its tin.

The movement's characteristic expression, therefore, has been the great symbolic act of *nationalizing* the tin mines, which has for the typical *movimientista* a significance not unlike that of the ritual decapitation of George III in our own Declaration of Independence for, say, the late Mayor Thompson of Chicago—but with this important difference. Even a nitwit like Mayor Thompson regarded the unhorsing of George III as an assertion of generally applicable *principle*, as, if you will, an act of justice. The American revolutionaries, in Camus' phrase, were *rebels*, eager to will the rule upon which they were acting as a law universal. But not so your Bolivian revolutionary, who, again in Camus' phrase, is a *resenter*, talks and thinks neither principles nor justice, and performs his great symbolic act out of *self*-pity—that is, out of a conviction that whatever else may happen, and whatever the merits of his act, he will *feel* better for having performed it.

He who would understand the MNR, then, must grasp the fact that what it is prisoner of is neither the Bolivian masses nor Communist ideology, but its own act of nationalization, and, beyond that, I repeat, of the twin demons of unreasoning resentment and unassuageable self-pity. It *cannot* contribute to the welfare of the Bolivian masses, or cope with the problems of the Bolivian economy, because resentment, unlike rebellion, can only destroy, and in ceasing to destroy would cease to be itself. The MNR's real creator, I should say, was the Spanish poet who with the phrase

"Bolivia is a beggar seated on a throne of gold" has managed to capture—and poison—the minds and hearts of the politically active elements of the Bolivian population. For the sentiment the phrase triggers—and it is on everyone's lips in Bolivia—is: "Ah! see the misery we have endured!"

3. All this is, of course, quite mad from the standpoint of sound economics and politics; but my point is that in order to grasp the Bolivian problem we must understand that we *are* dealing with madness. If Bolivia's tin industry has been a curse rather than a blessing to Bolivia, if Bolivia is more the beggar today than she would have been without her throne of gold, the reason of course has nothing to do with the sale of Bolivian tin to the United States, or with anything remotely describable as "exploitation" from outside. These things have, on the contrary, accounted, over a half century, for a veritable flood of imports that Bolivia would not otherwise have had and that only a madman would regard as having impoverished her. They did, however, create a situation in which the Bolivians in general could indulge certain incipient bad habits that have now become endemic. For one thing, not moving off that throne to develop the agriculture and industry that might have produced the goods that might have replaced all those imports. Again, levying upon the proceeds of the tin industry for governmental purposes without regard to the effect of the levies upon capital formation. Still again, indulging in more—and far more expensive—government than the nation could afford. And, finally, taking it for granted that the world somehow owes Bolivia a living.

The New Regime

4. In early August, Víctor Paz Estenssoro stood aside in favor of a newly-elected President, Hernán Siles Zuazo, who has quietly reshuffled the regime's top personnel and notably reduced the campaign of repression against the government's critics. Paz Estenssoro's concentration camps have been abolished. The national legislature is in session, and its five opposition representatives have been laying it on the line about alleged irregularities on the part of the previous administration.

This correspondent, during his visit to the famous Siglo XX mine, saw no evidence of the indiscipline, on the part of the miners, of which the regime's critics have made so much, or of redundant employees standing about with nothing to do. And Siglo XX's trade union leaders, avowed Trotskyites all of them, complain bitterly that the government refuses to permit delivery to the mines of the Communist and Trotskyite weeklies published in La Paz.

In short: The regime *is* striving—with good reason and reasonable vigor—after a recognizably non-Communist kind of respectability. And, in any case, it is not going to be in power long enough to constitute a danger—Communist or any other kind. Bolivia has a long history of blood-baths; and its next one, which will liquidate the MNR leadership, is so close that—even with one's nose stopped up by an *altiplano* cold—one can smell it in the streets. The miracle

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that wants explaining is why it has been so long postponed.

5. That miracle is merely a grandiose re-enactment of the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt. For the beggar on the throne of gold, who could do nothing but sit on his behind and ask alms, found in the U.S. Department of State a philanthropist who could do nothing but give alms, and had, more happily still, not the slightest objection, theoretical or practical, to the beggar's continuing to sit on his behind.

The MNR, which never had a prayer to operate the tin mines economically, has in consequence been able to operate them at a deficit for four long years—with American aid. And Bolivia's nationalized tin mines have, accordingly, cost the American taxpayer, to date, fifty millions of dollars, and are today costing him at the rate of 25 millions annually.

Point Four Paradise

Bolivia has become Point Four Paradise; seventy American "technicians" have descended on Bolivia like a swarm of locusts, chirping the credo of what Toynbee calls the twentieth-century religion of Technology. The technicians are, like the American aid they personify—would you believe it, we are spending a cool half million, over three years, on an Institute that is to initiate Bolivian bureaucrats into the mysteries of the American "science" of Public Administration?—professionally non-ideological, and just bursting with all the usual reasons why aid to Bolivia is Necessary for American Security—except, of course, one: namely, that they themselves never had it so good.

6. Will not American aid, then, save the MNR leaders from their blood-bath? The answer is No, and for, among others, these reasons:

The tin mines, which to begin with have virtually exhausted their workable ores, must from now on yield progressively less income because of deteriorating equipment and inadequate exploration. The land reform has plunged the nation's agriculture into a mess from which it cannot possibly be extricated in time to affect the present government's longevity. The inflation has already created inequities and resentments that would remain even if the currency were stabilized. More important still, the general population *know* that present food shortages are due, in considerable part, to the fact that the MNR has used allocations of food imports as rewards to its favorites—who have proceeded to sell large amounts of them abroad. And finally, the government will not even consider the one measure that could conceivably put the mining industry back on its feet, namely: invite the old mine-owners, who have the capital and the know-how to operate the mines, to return to Bolivia.

7. The post-blood-bath regime—its probable leader is Oscar Unzaga de la Vega—will not, alas, differ on any crucial point from the present one. While he would attempt, he says, to find a "foreign private enterprise" that would come in and operate the mines, he has no ready answer to the question, "Why should such an enterprise be willing to take the risk of expropriation by some future government?" He would solve the food problem—the essence of which is a curious refusal on the part of the peasants to move to the areas where there is fertile land—by "immigration from abroad." He would stop the inflation by setting up a stabilization board, for whose operations, however, he would hope to enlist American aid. He too, in other words, thinks that the world somehow owes Bolivia a living.

What Should Worry Us

What makes the Bolivian case hopeless, and *ought* to be worrying the State Department, is not the presence in it of a Left, but the absence from it of a Right, and of the political and economic and moral ideas a Right would, if it existed, enunciate, and, above all, of the institutions upon which other societies depend for the custody, development, and perpetuation of these ideas.

What *ought* to be worrying our policy-planners, for instance, is not the fact that there are Communist and Trotskyite agitators among the miners at Siglo XX, but the fact that, though fifty years old, it is only now being provided with its first church building—with, to Bolivia's shame, funds raised in Canada.

What *ought* to be worrying them, again, is not the ignorance of Bolivian bureaucrats concerning the latest thing in budget procedures, but the sheer frivolity and futility of Bolivia's institutions of higher learning, which scarcely even pretend to offer their students a liberal education, and the poverty of her libraries and museums, which virtually cuts her off from the lore and traditions of Christianity.

"Don't you wish now," the Liberal writers on Bolivia demand in effect of the tin-barons, "that you had paid your workers better, and invested your profits in Bolivian industry?" Nonsense; they would have been expropriated anyway. But *don't* they wish they had built some churches, and endowed some universities, which might have taught a significant number of Bolivians, *inter alia,* that you can't get something for nothing, and that even if you could you shouldn't wish to? I might even add, since all of them are rich men, and at least two of them profess a religion that bids us return good for evil: "Why not do so still?" "You want to prevent Communism in Bolivia?" a high church official tells me he once said to the U.S. Ambassador here. "Then give me, out of your American aid, two hundred jeeps for my priests." That is, religion could fill the void in Bolivian life. But he might just as well have asked for the moon.

What ought to be worrying Americans in general (i.e., non-bureaucrats), and what makes the American case begin to look pretty hopeless too, is the State Department itself, and its notion that if you want to accomplish something abroad you work through those who believe you can get something for nothing, and even if you can't you ought to try—that is, through the Left. The State Department itself, and its further idiotic notion that we've no business making American aid conditional upon the observance, in the recipient nation, of typically American standards of public morality—which ends us up keeping in power, as we have been doing in Bolivia, a government that defies American standards of public morality. And, finally, Americans ought to be worrying about the Congressmen and Senators who vote the Department the funds with which to inflict such idiocies upon the outside world.

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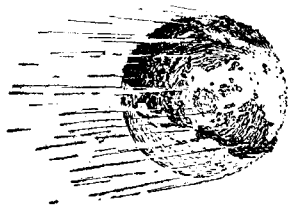

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Quiet Kremlin

An unexpected feature of 1956, becoming more noticeable as the year rounds the three-quarter mark, is the continuing passivity in Soviet foreign policy. That Washington's foreign policy should be passive is expected and routine. But quiet in Moscow prompts reflection. And it is a fact that Moscow has attempted nothing spectacular in foreign affairs since the Bulganin-Khrushchev Far Eastern trip last December—a move which, moreover, had minor, even negative, results.

At the outset of 1956 the international scene seemed set for a bristling Communist performance. NATO was no more than shuffling along. Both Europe and the United States were pining for coexistence. Adenauer had made his pilgrimage to Moscow. Pacifist moods held sway throughout the non-Communist world. The United States, drugged by the Administration's peace-at-any price commitment, was preoccupied with Eisenhower's health and the election. It looked in January as if the Communists could get away with almost anything in the year ahead. In the event, they have done very little.

To estimate how little, we need only compare this current year with almost any other of the eleven since the end of the war. Consider typical moves of the pre-1956 decade: the Czechoslovak coup; the Greek civil war; the attempted Tudeh coup in Iran; the giant steps in the conquest of China; the attacks in Korea and Viet Nam; the fighting in Malaya and the Philippines; the operations in Guatemala and the Guianas; the conquest of Tibet; the Berlin boycott; a dozen big strike movements; the takeover of the Tachen islands; massive propaganda campaigns on abolishing nuclear weapons; aggressive speeches, walkouts, vetoes in the UN; thundering declarations from the Kremlin . . .

There has been hardly anything of that sort during 1956. No new wars, semi-wars or partisan thrusts (except for minor trouble in Burma and Tibet, in which Moscow does not seem to be implicated). No moves toward Formosa or the Matsus, though these were obvious and widely predicted 1956 targets. No new Communist governments. No big new international political campaigns. Not even any important slogans. On the disarmament issue the President's "Open Skies" plan has as a matter of fact pushed Moscow on the defensive.

Moscow seems to have decreased rather than stepped up its intervention in French North Africa. Most extraordinary has been its handling of the Suez Canal crisis. The Communists do not follow up what appeared as their one dramatic effort of the year: their sending of arms to Egypt. After having talked big about the Aswan Dam, they backed out. And they have pursued what is for them a cautious, restrained course in their maneuvers since Nasser took over the Canal Company.

Even their "foreign aid" program, which so obsesses our own foreign aiders, doesn't amount to much in actual accomplishment, and is already (as in Burma) getting into trouble. Their tourist program is much headlined, but is still, after all, on a very small scale. Moscow itself, a couple of weeks ago, lamented the meager results of the jacked-up United Front effort.

Their passivity in foreign affairs has not meant that the Communists have been losing. By no means. They have held to their long-range objective, and have continued to advance toward it. But this year—even in their world-shaking penetration of the Middle East—they have done so largely by proxy and by default rather than by their own direct and positive activity. They have gained because the continuing "national and colonial revolution" yields a Communist profit, and because we do nothing. True, in 1956 as in the past the Communists deliberately exploit the colonial revolts and deliberately foster our lethargy. Their passivity is no more than relative, but it is nonetheless real. Why, then?

To Set the House in Order

The answer is fairly plain, once the problem is stated. The Communists have had to reduce their external activity because they have been so busy with internal difficulties. The 20th Congress of the Russian Party set the style of the period. Its deliberations focused on intra-Soviet and intra-Communist problems. Its center was Khrushchev's famous speech, which dealt exclusively with what Communists call "the organization question."

The internal difficulties are economic, social and political. Communist agriculture is in a severe general crisis. The imbalances in the forced economic development are upsetting the Plans, and have for the first time brought mass unemployment to several regions. The discontents of the working population have pushed all the way to open manifestation.

From the Communist point of view, the political sphere is decisive. There the incredible de-Stalinization campaign reflects the acuteness of the difficulty. Stalin's death without a legitimate successor led to the partial unveiling of a political fabric, all threads of which traced ultimately back to the Leader's personal secretariat. With no individual yet emerging to take Stalin's place, the disciples try to substitute for the single-apex pyramid a more loosely built truncated committee system, or directorate, ideologized by the de-Stalinization rhetoric.

This job of political repair and reconstruction is complex enough to exhaust the greater part of the energies of the leading Communist strata, nor is a successful outcome by any means certain. Just as we once saved them from wartime disaster, we now give them a major assist by our fatuous anxiety to "reduce tensions." Their difficult problem might become impossible if we so acted as to increase to a maximum, rather than to lessen, the tensions to which they are now subject.

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Special Report

J.R.

Minutes of a Communist Party Meeting

On September 12, 1956, some ninety Communists gathered at 7 p.m. in the Yugoslav Hall at 404 West 41st Street in New York City, to hear George Blake Charney, acting chairman of the Communist Party. One of those present took substantial notes on what Mr. Charney said about current events. From these notes, NATIONAL REVIEW *publishes the following excerpts.*

Charney opened with an excursion into the Party's critical self-examination. He warned that the elections were less than two months off and avowed that the Communist Party had been inexcusably slow in advancing a program and a policy as regards these elections. He termed this unfortunate and due to the Party's preoccupation with its own internal affairs. He pointed out, however, that happily "There is still time for a modest but important role in the national elections by the Communist Party," in spite of the "widespread view among Communists and in progressive ranks, a trend which has existed for years," that "the Left and the Peoples' Movement have no great stake in this election" because there is "no choice."

He said: "In our 1954 program we made an estimate for 1956 that Eisenhower's victory would bring catastrophe and a period of war and fascism. We now see that this was an unsound, exaggerated view. In this period McCarthy was checked, Geneva took place, and new possibilities of peaceful coexistence developed. Today there is no life or death situation as then existed. But it is a mistake if we go to the other extreme and shrug off the campaign as having no significance."

Charney then said: "This is the first Presidential election since Geneva. We see a prospect of bringing an end to the cold war—a prospect of peaceful coexistence. The Wall Street trusts represented by Eisenhower's wing of the Republican Party . . . are not closing the door on the prospects of disarmament. Eisenhower in San Francisco, when he accepted his Party's nomination, made quite a speech. He spoke on peace and improving our relations with the USSR. It was evident to anyone who watched and heard him that he was a man of profound sincerity."

Charney continued with conspicuous impartiality: "Stevenson asked for the end of the nuclear tests. This was a courageous action. Why, he even called for the end of the draft. There was a recent dramatic expression from Senator Ellender after his tour through the USSR. He said, 'Sure, the USSR wants peace.' Lippmann, Flanders, Bowles, and Eaton of Ohio have supported the Point Four type of economic aid. The Brookings Institute, a conservative institution, has issued a report representing a more realistic approach towards the recognition of China in the UN. . . .

"In their attitude on foreign policy there is no crucial difference between Eisenhower and Stevenson. Neither advocates the tensions of the past. Neither advocates a rupture of relations with the USSR. It is far better this way—that there is no major difference between the two candidates on foreign policy . . . As between the two, there is a tendency to favor Eisenhower."

Mr. Charney then analyzed labor's role in the Democratic Convention. He said that "the anti-monopoly peoples' coalition is working." He saw its reflection in the Democratic Convention more clearly even than in the 1944 incident of 'Clear it with Sidney.' The two hundred labor delegates worked together as an organized group. Kefauver wouldn't have had a chance without this labor bloc behind him. This combination, as it worked at the Convention, is composed of the liberal Democrats—the Americans for Democratic Action, the NAACP, and the advanced liberals. Meany was not happy. There is a cold war going on in labor, represented by Meany, but even he has been forced to modify his position. In the New York CIO convention you may have heard Hollander's speech. It was powerful. Many thought that a GOP victory in the last election would mean a return to McCarthyism. But it did not happen."

Mr. Charney called attention to the fact that Eisenhower's "great popularity among the masses cannot be denied. As to Nixon, however, all of us fear this man and what's involved with Eisenhower's health. Don't think for a moment that a struggle did not take place behind the scenes on his nomination. Those who think that the right wing in the Republican Party is dead are making a serious mistake. However, we must remember that Eisenhower did not scrap the New Deal, he did not return to the policies of the Hoover era."

At this point Charney brought up the nomination of New York State Attorney General Jacob K. Javits by the Republican Party to run for the Senate. Charney had injected himself into the Javits controversy, just prior to Javits' appearance before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on September 5, by writing a letter defending Javits which was published in the *New York Times* of the same date. (Two days later the *Daily Worker* carried a letter attacking Charney for his action.)

Charney said that "Even the *New York Post* realizes Javits' great popularity in this state—that the people are behind him. . . . He has the support of the masses of the Jewish community. We know that Javits defeated Roosevelt, who was a bigger name than Wagner, at a time when the Democrats swept the state. . . .

"Actually there are more differences *within* each Party than there are *between* the two Parties. Since Eisenhower's victory new leaders have come to the fore representing new ideas. There is Meyner of New Jersey; Richards in California, a splendid candidate; Leader of Pennsylvania; Ribicoff of Connectiout; Clark, ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, a fine man; Di Salle of Ohio; and Soapy Williams in Michigan. They represent a new force in American politics and we should encourage them. We should work for Reuther as a leader in the labor coalition. . . . The civil rights issue cuts across all political lines. We must give support to movements already under way to have an impact."

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Letter from London

F. A. VOIGT

The UN: Packed Juries

Opinion, in this country, has gone through three stages since Egypt nationalized the Suez Canal Company two months ago—determination, perplexity and indifference.

The first response was instantaneous: "This sort of thing's got to stop!" The movements of troops and ships, officially called "precautions," were welcomed: "We're actually doing something!" War with Egypt would not have been unpopular.

No one gave the United Nations a thought. The British public is simply not interested in that institution. The Gallup Polls are misleading in this respect. Of course, if anyone is asked by some pollster if this or that dispute ought to be "referred to the United Nations," he will answer "yes" more often than "no." In ordinary talk, he may call the United Nations "a racket" or "propaganda." But when he answers the pollster's question, he is, as it were, on his dignity as a member of the British public, and he will presume that "yes" is the proper thing to say. Some will say "no," and a few will adorn their "no" with sundry epithets. But only the bare "no" is recorded. Gallup Polls are quantitative, not qualitative. That is the reason why they are not very interesting.

The conference that produced the proposals of the eighteen powers was accepted without a murmur, despite the almost universal distrust of conferences as "talk;" for it was quickly summoned and quickly over. It seemed "only fair to give the other chaps a hearing."

When Egypt refused the proposals, there was no surprise and little, if any, regret. In fact, under the surface there was even a little satisfaction, for there were many who were "looking forward to a showdown." (Another of those things a Gallup Poll would never reveal.)

But days passed, and nothing happened. Then, suddenly and most unexpectedly, the country, which had seemed so unanimous, was divided on party lines when the trade unions, assembled in Brighton, thundered against the use of force, and the Labor Party invoked the United Nations. The keen, alerted mood, the determined spirit of the country wilted and, after a brief period of perplexity, all interest disappeared. Today, the public is merely "bored with Nasser." And if it is not precisely reunited, it is no longer divided. It does not see that there is anything left to be divided about.

There was some slight response when the Liberal and Labor press "plugged" the United Nations: "If we won't do the job, let the United Nations get on with it! It won't do no good, but it won't do no harm neither!" This having been said, no one gave the United Nations a further thought.

Grisly pictures of war spreading through the whole of the Middle East; of lean Arab hands stretching out to nationalize the oil wells; of India seceding from the Commonwealth (as though anyone cared about that!); of America withdrawing into isolation; and of a Third World War lowering in the background, were painted by publicists of fellow-traveling propensities.

But in vain. There was not the slightest ripple of perturbation in the country. Perhaps the public ought to feel more apprehensions than it does; but it feels none, save, perhaps, a slight apprehension lest petrol be rationed (induced by the Government's assurance that it will not be).

Such, for good, for ill, or for neither, is the present state of British public opinion.

But forgetfulness or indifference on the part of the public has not put the United Nations out of existence. This institution has begun to influence events, not because it has "done something," but merely because it has been invoked. As so often before, it offers a prospect of "passing the buck," of distributing or shelving responsibility. And so a conflict, directly affecting the national interest and, in its wider implications, the security of the Atlantic Alliance, may be dealt with by two committees, the Security Council and the Assembly of the United Nations, which are little more than packed juries.

Troops are in readiness still. Cyprus, the base for possible operations against Egypt, has been transformed. A balloon barrage has gone up, reminding British soldiers of London skies on the eve of war. French foreign legionaries have arrived who, for the most part—to the bewilderment of both British and Cypriots—speak only German. Presumably, the troops are still there as a "precaution" lest "Nasser turn nasty" if and when a possible "economic squeeze" is applied to Egypt.

It used to be considered prudent as well as expeditious to limit conflicts with foreign powers in space and in time on the principle that, the smaller their scope and the swifter the execution, the greater the certitude of a swift and final solution.

All this has changed. Today, when a conflict breaks out, no matter how simple the issue, the powers concerned do what they can, not to keep it simple, but to make it complicated and, instead of limiting it, to widen it as far as possible, on the principle that the greater the number of powers that can be involved, the smaller the responsibility of each.

According to the new code of international conduct that has come to prevail more and more since the end of the Korean War, aggressors are entitled to special consideration. On no account may their feelings be hurt, for they are very, very sensitive.

It has become a rule to defend a position not, as in the past, by keeping the enemy out, but by inviting him in. He no longer needs a Trojan Horse. All he has to do is to accept the invitation and march in under flying banners inscribed with the words "Peaceful Coexistence."

In this way, the supreme ambition of statesmanship is achieved—inaction and the diffusion of responsibility. Nothing could be more admirably adapted to advance this ambition than the Security Council and the General Assembly of the United Nations.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Infinite Variety

Although the higher learning in America has many vices, it also has certain peculiar virtues; and one of the most conspicuous of these latter is its proliferating variety. One can study anything in America, under any auspices. And if this diversity shelters fad and foible and folly, nevertheless it encourages healthy experiment, invigorating debate and competition, and strong individual personalities. It is also a powerful bulwark of freedom of thought. In this virtue, at least, we enjoy a considerable advantage over the systems of education dominant in most European states (and copied by most of the Latin American republics)— centralized, uniform, and state-supervised.

Despite the very grave financial problems that confront our private universities and colleges nowadays, and despite the high rate of mortality among old liberal-arts colleges during the past generation, new private institutions of learning continue to appear in these United States, a proof that diversity is not doomed among us. Some of these are very promising; and of their number is Long Island University, at present growing apace.

Long Island University was rather like Roosevelt University, Chicago, in its origins, though founded a little earlier, in 1926; its first graduation was held in 1931. Intended to provide a non-sectarian education at low cost to young people in Brooklyn, it began with high hopes that were blasted for some years by the Great Depression.Only recently has it regained the ground it had lost; but now is full of energy, and surely is one of the most remarkable educational complexes in the country.

For Long Island University consists of three widely disparate institutions: a city college, a rural liberal-arts college, and an air-base school for military personnel. Brooklyn Center, the parent body (with which is associated Brooklyn College of Pharmacy), is a representative urban college, with 2,400 students, plus 600 more in the College of Pharmacy. In the beginning, it was thought that the several professional schools situated in Brooklyn would be affiliated with Brooklyn Center; but this has not come to pass. Instead, the University has begun to extend itself eastward into rural Long Island; the establishment of several colleges scattered throughout the Island is now contemplated, their students to be recruited from the swelling population of the area. The first of these is C. W. Post College, in the countryside near Greenvale and Oyster Bay, now in its second year. Post College has a branch at Mitchell Field, the nearby airbase. Very prudently, the several colleges of the University are to be quasi-autonomous. Brooklyn Center is headed by a provost, Post College by a dean; and the University is directed by a new president, Admiral Richard L. Conolly, who resides at Post College.

Distinguished Army and Navy officers frequently have become college presidents upon retirement from military duty — a custom peculiar, or almost peculiar, to the United States. Sometimes these presidents have been educators of high talent, like Robert E. Lee at Washington College, now Washington and Lee; others—well, the others shall not be mentioned in this column. Admiral Conolly, who has been a fighting admiral, Commander in Chief of our Naval forces, Europe, and President of the Naval War College, is in the Lee category, bringing to his presidency a vigorous and disciplined intellect. Under his supervision, Long sland University is growing rapidly but with discretion, recruiting good faculty and expecting decent performance from its students.

Post College, named after the Titan of breakfast-foods and installed upon the old Post estate, presents a startling contrast to Brooklyn Center (which is housed in the old Paramount Theater Building, Flatbush Avenue.) For Post College is the rural American liberal-arts college epitomized, complete with formal gardens, riding stables, and a Tudor great hall (real Tudor, fireplace and staircase and panelling and all, brought over from England by the Post family years ago). At present it has only a hundred and fifty students; and Post, indulging no appetite for indiscriminate expansion, does not propose to become Behemoth. The dean is an historian and political scientist of high reputation, Dr. R. Gordon Hoxie, whose principles and work are in the line of one of the greatest of American political thinkers, John W. Burgess. Dean Hoxie, indeed, is writing a life of Burgess. He hopes, too, to establish at Post College an institute of political science, as Post's specialty.

This, I think, is a wise ambition. One of the commonest vices of American colleges is to try to do everything, and to offer every possible curriculum, in imitation of the great metropolitan universities; and this means, ordinarily, that everything is done badly. But to establish one particularly good school or department—the best, perhaps, in the nation—is quite within the realm of possibility for even a small college.

It is particularly heartening to watch Long Island's development in a time when nearly everyone seems to be clamoring for the state to assume all the responsibility for expansion of higher education. Long Island University has no subsidies, either state or municipal; nor has it any assistance from any church. Its achievement is wholly the work of a private charitable corporation. Great sums of money are now being poured into that curious body called New York State University, a congeries of state colleges without a center or focus. What with the rapid increase of population and wealth among us, there is real need for prudent expansion of the facilities of higher education. But I think the spontaneous and voluntary development of a private institution like Long Island a far better measure of the need, and a more satisfactory response to the demands of Change, than can be any grandiose state scheme.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Professor Barzun, A Winner

At the peril of sticking out my neck, and his, I herewith nominate Professor Jacques Barzun of Columbia University as the certified sage of our intelligentsia. He—and not Mr. Edmund Wilson or Mr. Lionel Trilling or even Mr. David Riesman—will, I dare say, emerge as the high man on their totem pole, and for the good reason that he uniquely matches the need of the contemporary intellectuals: Mr. Barzun has mastered the difficult trick of studying, using, and approving of all the nonconformists of the past, in order to conform so much the better with the present. He has obtained the ultimately viable status of a contemporary intellectual: he can identify himself with the reigning Establishment; and yet, he still can savor the spiced vocabulary of the rebel. Greater pride knoweth no man.

As some readers may remember (see, for instance, "Arts and Manners" of July 11, 1956), I have suspected for some time that Professor Barzun is emerging as the highest intellectual arbiter of the Liberal Establishment; but now only, with the publication of his *The Energies of Art* (Harper & Brothers, $5.00), the final evidence is in. Judging by the handsome photograph on the dust-cover, I should say that Mr. Barzun even *looks* like our distinguished Mr. Edward R. Murrow. Judging by the book itself, I find him extremely qualified to be for the elite what Mr. Murrow is for the masses—the rationalizer of the Liberal position.

If *The Energies of Art* is anything at all, it is learned. By this I mean that its author has demonstrably read a considerable number of books, has spent many an evening on intelligent conversation and, as the saying goes, knows what he is talking about. Subtitled "Studies of Authors Classic and Modern," *The Energies of Art* undertakes, above all, to define and justify "modernism." And not since the notorious murderer of his father and mother pleaded for clemency because he was an orphan, has anybody presented so persuasive a plea.

To make it fully persuasive, Mr. Barzun rushes to secure it against conservative attack—by counterattacking the conservative position: "Though [the conservative] praises tradition for its working institutions, he shows little gratitude toward the innovators who created them in the teeth of an earlier conservatism." This, in any freshman Logics class, would meet with disaster. For, evidently, the conservative never "praises tradition for its working institutions"; rather, he has full understanding for the reservations of "an earlier conservatism" that *opposed* them. As people outside Columbia University generally know by now, the conservative counsels against the arrogance of the innovator, even if the innovations are "constructive." This distinguishes the conservative from the modernist.

"Modernism," Professor Barzun asserts first, is "any assertion of hostility toward [the modern world]." Which reminds one of nothing so much as the humorist's contention that poverty is caused by the lack of money. Besides, it is palpably wrong. Conservatism, for instance, is an assertion of hostility toward the modern world, but not even Columbia would graduate a student who calls conservatism modernistic. Thus, Professor Barzun is in an understandable hurry to abandon the derelict definition, then takes this second shot:

> The word "modern" . . . suggests the Renaissance, Protestantism, the humanists' passion for the art of Greece and Rome, the forward strides of physical science, the political forms of mercantilism and monarchy. All this we may personify through Copernicus, Bacon, Shakespeare, Galileo, Luther, Newton, Louis XIV.

Why not also Aristotle, Euripides, Buddha and Moses? Education, at Columbia, seems to consist of acquiring the knack of making your position unexceptionable by claiming for it the sum total of human experience: If "modernism" suggests passion for the art of Greece and Rome, monarchy, Copernicus, Shakespeare and Louis XIV, who in damnation can afford *not* to be modernistic?

Certainly not Mr. Barzun. And his views on "modernism" are, on his expressed invitation, what he hopes to be judged by. Very well then. His views on "modernism" establish him as the heretofore missing link between the era of civilized concerns and the approaching age of savagery. As missing links go, he is a marvel of erudition. He is also, or so it seems to me, France's revenge for Coca-Cola: Deeply insulted by America's deplorable drinking habits, the nation of Alexis de Tocqueville seems at last to be getting even by giving us Mr. Barzun, the studious defender of "what is."

For this, indeed, is the essence of the intellectual sleight-of-hand that will promote Mr. Barzun within the Establishment: He has discovered the historian's advantages in cultural criticism—an alleged dispensation from having moral or even esthetic persuasions. Professor Barzun will perhaps resent my connotation, but throughout his *Energies of Art* nobody seemed to me so energetically alive as Hegel, the creator of the modern cynicism that whatever is, *because* it is, is good.

Now criticism is criticism is criticism, and there's been no patent granted on the term. However, I always thought that criticism cannot abstain from judgment. But then, I do not teach at Columbia University. Professor Barzun does, and he disapproves of judgment—of judgment, that is, on the world around us. The past is fair game, provided you share Professor Barzun's judgments. Which, I hasten to add, is not at all difficult. Applied to the past, his tastes are quite wholesome though perhaps a trifle staid. Some of us, I trust, are audacious enough to admire the heroes of Mr. Barzun's fond reminiscing—Goethe, Byron, Swift, Stendhal, Shakespeare, Gautier, Hardy, Bagehot, Henry James, Shaw, Berlioz, Conan Doyle and William James. (He also seems so bold as to approve of Dante, Sophocles and Balzac.)

Mr. Edmund Wilson, whose integrity matches his extraordinary intelligence, has remained a socialist

(*Continued on p. 22*)

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The End of Sinclair Lewis

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Grace Hegger Lewis had the good—and also, as it turned out, the bad—luck to be married to Sinclair Lewis from 1915 to 1928, the period which witnessed the publication of the Nobel Prize winner's best work. Her memoir of those years, *With Love From Gracie* (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75), has its moments of excruciatingly bad taste: there are things in it which, though they would be undeniably useful to a Boswell, should never have been committed to paper by a wife, or even by an ex-wife.

In spite of its moments of sloppy self-justification, however, the memoir has all the fascination of a Lewis novel. Mrs. Lewis is filled with the same sort of electrical ambivalence, the same love-hate oscillation, that gave such a vibrant quality to *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Out of her own unresolved tensions, her anguished puzzlement over her subject, she generates verve.

From the standpoint of realism all this is wonderful. She gives us Lewis, the restless, dissatisfied, contradictory man, to the life. We see Red Lewis here in all his phases. Gracie Lewis shows us the acute journalist who filled notebooks with documentary material wherever he went. She shows us the prodigiously disciplined novelist who liked to hire an "office" in some downtown loft building in London, Washington, D.C., or Sauk Center, Minnesota, where he could be undisturbed for hours at a stretch while he pounded out a 5,000-word addition to *Main Street* or *Babbitt* with two bruised forefingers. She shows us Lewis, the "Tennyson and water" lover; Lewis, the boon companion; Lewis, the philanderer with other women; Lewis, the "famooser" who took such a provincial delight in knowing Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells; Lewis, the bored father; Lewis, the reckless and hard-drinking seeker of oblivion; Lewis, the defender of America (he couldn't stomach any criticism of Zenith or Gopher Prairie when it came from a Britisher); Lewis, the "tumbleweed" who could only stay still while he was busy "applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair" in a crazy struggle to make the writing of great prose commensurate with earning an income of $100,000 a year.

But if all this was Lewis it still leaves the great questions unanswered. What was it that made Lewis so dissatisfied with himself, and with the nature of his fame? Why did he confuse the values of his art with the values of public acclaim (or its lack)? Above all, why did his vein—or his genius, if you will—run thin in the thirties and the forties?

The easy thing is to suggest that Lewis needed roots, needed the solid reassurance of a "home place." But Mrs. Lewis, though she suggests that she gave her husband just enough stability to enable him to write at the top of his bent for a few years, knows that rootlessness was in Lewis' character.

The character was his fate. In later years, when Lewis was busy adoring Dorothy Thompson, who was an understanding wife, he could no more abide the "permanence" of his homes in Bronxville or in Vermont than he could when he lived on the North Shore of Long Island with Gracie as his bride. Lewis admired Dorothy Thompson, he could (and did) talk endlessly about her, but during a long evening of animated discussion about the public affairs of the 1930's he would sit hunched in a corner of the room, pettishly put out because his sort of mimicry had gone out of fashion with the twenties. He sometimes looked like a sick crane in those years when Menckenism was in eclipse.

Though Gracie Lewis never quite says so, she obviously thinks the decline of her husband's art was due at least in some measure to her own departure from the scene. Could this have been true? Since no one knows why creativity dries up, Gracie is entitled to her opinion. But it is, after all, only an opinion, a stab in the dark which encompasses us all. Maybe Lewis' periodic drinking sapped his vitality, maybe success had dulled his satirical desire to "get back" at the society which had produced him. Maybe a fear of failure haunted him after the high points of *Dodsworth* and *Arrowsmith*. In the end one can only throw up one's hands and say, "It was thus and so because it was thus and so."

There is, however, one thing that is undeniable: with the coming of the years of the Depression Lewis had palpably outlived his age. Though he often inveighed against the "system," meaning the capitalism of the twenties, he had no stomach for a scene dominated by politicians. A world in which bright young men were busy displaying their brightness in debating about the NRA, or about the discussion of "gold points" in the latest work of John Strachey, or about the economic thinking of Mr. Justice Brandeis, did not seem bright to him at all. His heart was in the twenties, when America was confident; he had, after all, loved his Babbitts and his Carol Milfords even when he was busy taking them apart.

I saw something of Lewis in the thirties (as who, in the world of journalistic literary criticism didn't).

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I saw him at his best and at his worst, in charming moments and in moments of maudlin self-pity. I remember one hilarious evening in Bermuda, with Lewis sitting up to four in the morning supplying a cliché in instantaneous answer to any type of question his audience could throw at him. When he could dominate the scene with the sort of satirical patter which had gone over in the twenties he had a lovely time. But when the talk turned to ideas he simply drank and drank and grew disagreeable. His talent was for social satire, but he couldn't satirize a society that was moved by ideas. His many attempts to write a novel about a labor leader came to nothing, for he couldn't handle the social situations created by men who were moved by notions (fallacious though those notions might be) about class structure, or the right to bargain collectively, or the distribution of the social increment as between labor and the investor. Washington, in the thirties, was a wide-open invitation to the social satirist. But Lewis could only deal with a society's failure to seek such things as beauty, or justice, between man and man on a personal level. He couldn't deal with a society's failure to surmount its economic frustrations; he couldn't handle mankind in its preoccupation with problems of political power.

Because his talents were not attuned to his time in the thirties and the forties, he was doomed to a preoccupation with themes that seemed tangential to the public. And when the public failed to acclaim such novels as *The Prodigal Parents* and *Cass Timberlane*, Lewis lost steam. Maybe he would have lost steam anyway, due to physiological deterioration. But the fact that his social background had collapsed with the coming of the Depression didn't help.

Gracie Lewis doesn't go into the subject of a social satirist's natural milieu to any great extent. Her book is mostly personal; it offers fascinating material bearing on Sinclair Lewis' fitness as a husband and, unintentionally, on her own fitness as a wife. As such, it will be gratefully received by all students of Sinclair Lewis as a human being. Lewis' place in American letters is quite another story.

Sheer Attlee

Contemporary Capitalism, by John Strachey. 374 pp. New York: Random House. $5.00

In the early thirties John Strachey was the most persuasive of the fellow-traveling Pied Pipers who led English and American intellectuals up to the Communist mountain. He played the most seductive variations on his tune in the book, *The Coming Struggle for Power,* which became a best-seller in both high and middlebrow markets. Its success was not undeserved. The then young Mr. Strachey, against the background of remembered war and present depression, had translated the dull principles of Marxism into a literate English made lively by relevant example and modish allusion. He brought Proust, Joyce and Eliot rather than Plekhanov and Engels as witnesses to the crisis of our time. And there was a real verve in his style.

The Moscow Trials and the subsequent Hitler-Stalin Pact turned Mr. Strachey's face away from Moscow but not from Marx. He served his country in the war, part of the time as Wing Commander in the RAF. Thereafter he settled into Labor Party harness. A Member of Parliament since 1945, he was in the Labor Government as Under Secretary for Air, Minister of Food, and Secretary of State for War.

In his new book, Mr. Strachey seeks to come to terms with his revised past. "Contemporary capitalism," he recognizes, has not developed exactly as ordered by Marx. The masses are not so miserable and the rate of profit not so continuously falling as would have followed from Marxian principles. Is Marx then disproved? Mr. Strachey finds a way to avoid this natural conclusion. Marx's analysis was sound for the economic environment he knew, and capitalist economy does inevitably display the tendencies summed up in the laws of Marxism. But the workers, and the popular masses more generally, have been able to counteract these tendencies by organizing and fighting consciously for economic improvement and social rights.

In the advanced nations this mass struggle has taken place within the political framework of a more or less limited democracy, which is today in the phase of "oligopoly." The final outcome of the process, if successful, will still be and must be socialism—"a liberty that will not turn into the liberty to exploit an equality that will not contradict variety, and a fraternity that will not become its opposite by striving to impose cooperation by force."

Thus Mr. Strachey remains the self-tied captive of the rhetoric of Marx. *Contemporary Capitalism,* initiated as a study of what is new in the world, becomes an academic rejuggling of irrelevant terms. Because Mr. Strachey is an intelligent man, there are many sections worth reading, among them two chapters of interesting comment on Keynes. But there is no charm, and none of the excitement stirred by his earlier book. *Contemporary Capitalism* is one more expression of reformist socialism's dead-end. It has all the basic philosophic dreariness of a speech by Clement Attlee.

JAMES BURNHAM

The True Russia

The White Nights, by Boris Sokoloff. 294 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $3.75

Since his escape from Russia in 1920, at the age of twenty-seven, Boris Sokoloff has been an eminent cancer scholar and has written many books, both scientific and non-scientific. Now, in *The White Nights,* he returns to the Russia of his boyhood and early manhood, to memories of the first World War and the Russian revolutions of 1917. The ground has been well worked over by other Russian émigrés, but Sokoloff's memories are fresh, animated by a virile, attractive personality, infused with intelligence, and pleasantly readable.

Dr. Sokoloff was, during the February Revolution, at the front in charge of a medical unit. He was in St. Petersburg when the Bolsheviks overthrew the democratic government and destroyed the Constituent Assembly to which Sokoloff had been elected. He was involved in a plot to assassinate Lenin just before the October Revolution, helped to edit a

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fiercely anti-Communist paper just after it, and was one of the defenders of the Winter Palace when it fell to the Bolsheviks. He journeyed through the Red lines to take part in the abortive attempt to resurrect the Assembly in non-Communist Ufa. He was with the White troops at Archangel when they were driven from that foothold; and he was captured, imprisoned, and condemned to execution by the Reds, only to be released when he thought death certain.

It is with his part in these political events that *The White Nights* is largely concerned, but of equal interest are Sokoloff's memories of the Russian teachers who imbued him with democratic ideals and a firm faith in the rights and powers of the individuals.

This book will remind a new generation of readers that the Bolsheviks overthrew, not an imperial despotism, but a democratic government. It underlines the fact that they could not have succeeded without the stupid, suicidal cooperation of Liberals. It drives home the lesson that virtue and good intentions alone are impotent in the face of naked force. It dwells on the folly of Kerensky's policy of "appeasement." And, perhaps most important of all, it insists that the leaders of the Western world have been (and still are) repeating the very mistakes that proved fatal to the Kerensky Government.

BEN RAY REDMAN

Frantic Failure

Gallipoli, by Alan Moorehead. 384 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4.50

In Australia, Gallipoli Day is a day of national mourning. And in the light of the awful consequences that followed on the gallant failure at Gallipoli, perhaps it should be mourned elsewhere too. The Dardanelles campaign is one of those tremendous turning points the full import of which can only be seen after the passage of time. Winston Churchill contended in *The World Crisis* (1930) that, had the operation succeeded, the war would have been shortened by two years, a million lives would have been saved on the western front, and the Russian Revolution would not have happened. Mr. Moorehead, writing twenty-five years later, and without the personal stake in the matter that Churchill had, concurs.

There was an almost unbearable succession of political and military blunders and improbable accidents that brought on the disaster. The most fatal mistake of all was surely the decision by the British "battleship Admiral," de Robeck, to break off the naval assault on the Narrows because three of his obsolete battleships were mined on March 18, 1915. Intelligence reports at the time (confirmed after the war) showed that the Turkish forts were almost out of ammunition. But, despite Churchill's frantic insistence from London, that was the end of the naval offensive; and a quarter of a million casualties followed during the army's vain effort to storm the Gallipoli peninsula.

The German General Liman von Sanders, in command of the Turkish troops, had been given ample time to fortify the heights. The appalling incompetence of a Boer-War-vintage general named Stopford ruined the chances of the final landing at Suvla Bay which might have turned the tide. But with the primitive landing craft, communications and aerial reconnaissance that were available it is hard not to conclude that this amphibious operation (though not the earlier naval attack) was a gamble against heavy odds from the start, at least at the time and place chosen.

Gallipoli broke the reputation of Lord Kitchener and cast a pall (unjustly, I think) over Winston Churchill's career for the next twenty-five years. But it made Mustapha Kemal, whose prodigious exploits as a divisional commander put him on the road to power as "the savior of Constantinople." And there is the sinister figure of Enver Pasha, the strong man of the Young Turk junta, who took Turkey into the war on the German side. In his recklessness, his youth, his duplicity, and his megalomaniacal ambition, he bears a startling likeness to Gamal Abdel Nasser.

All in all Mr. Moorehead has written a magnificent work that is as fine in its political depth as in the brilliance of its military story-telling.

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

J. Foster Foggbottom

The Looking-Glass Conference, by Godfrey Blunden. 258 pp. New York: The Vanguard Press. $3.75

Clothed in a diaphanous veil of fiction, this is a mercilessly witty satire on an international conference, with names so devilishly apt, and caricatures so sharply drawn, that identification is seldom left to conjecture.

Mr. Blunden's particular conference in this age of conferences takes place in Colmo (Geneva) with the battle of Ding Dong Dam (Dienbienphu) as background. The case in point is Khaos (Viet Nam). The "inviting powers" are the United States, Britain and Russia, as represented by Secretary of State Joseph Foggbottom, Foreign Secretary Albion Asp, and Foreign Minister Yefin Golikov. An important role, second only to Golikov's, is played by Communist China's Premier J'o Wow, who amuses himself by beheading exotic flowers. Slithering around like a bright-eyed snake is India's Mr. Menase, who loves nothing so much as a Communist. On the side lines are the two premiers of the warring factions of Khaos, but they don't count.

It is only the Communists who count, a cruel fact Mr. Foggbottom has to face shortly after his arrival. Having come in good faith, prepared to talk of massive retaliation and united action against Communism, he quickly finds that allies and neutrals alike are already committed to appeasement and more than willing to embrace the Communists. He soon withdraws, untouched and unsullied

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by the maneuvers, intrigues, antics and assignations that go on.

But what is defeat in Colmo? Mr. Foggbottom is not disturbed. In front of him is the typescript of a press conference, fresh from the Washington teletype. A Great Man has defended him.

"You can't count a battle lost that is still going on," reads the typescript. "So there is no such thing as acknowledging a defeat in the execution of foreign policy as I can see it. . . . I will repeat this: Joseph Foggbottom, in my opinion, is the greatest Secretary of State in my memory, and he has my unqualified support in what he is doing, and so far as I know, I have agreed in advance to every policy he has ever brought forward."

Mr. Blunden has an incomparable talent for finding comedy in tragedy. I hope nothing unpleasant happens to him.

FRANCES BECK

The Muse and the Bores

The Crowning Privilege: Collected Essays on Poetry, by Robert Graves. 311 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $5.00

Robert Graves
With stout staves
Whacks on the back
Poets who lack
Respect for the Muse.
With virile enthuse
This hoary curmudgeon
(A blunt Saxon bludgeon)
Batters the idols
Pro-Suicidals.

Metaphysical thinkers
Write tortuous stinkers;
There's an undisciplined curse
In the fad for free verse;
And those who would mold
From poetry gold,
Practitioners slick
Of false rhetoric—
All equally fall
Under Robert Graves' pall.

For instance,
Obsequious Dryden
He gives a good chidin'.
Who courts a royal master
Is courting disaster.

Less Iliad than dope
Is that Dunciad Pope.
His verses don't scan
Their pentameter plan.

That stomach is stoic
Can digest a heroic.
Who with Milton will risk it
Is plain masochistic.

No more than synthetic
Is Auden—pathetic;
Graves has a good frolic
With that shilpit pilgarlic.

He prefers raunchy venison.
To the sweetmeats of Tennyson
Who sang out his song
Then lived too damned long.

Wordsworth in France
Was frightfully advance.
(He later regretted
Much he begetted).

Donne he is done with.
Undone is the old myth
Of paragon Yeats
Whom he cordially hates.

Pound's *Cantos* are cant.
Dylan's talents are scant.
But Eliot, T.S.,
He likes even less.

In particular,
He refers to the adage
That potatoes and cabbage
Are far more poetical
Than things esoterical.
If one's powers are shallow
No need to be callow
Sneak-peek down the bodice
Of the sacred White Goddess.
Who traffics with learning
Dulls that high yearning
Which alone can excite
From the Goddess her light.

With righteous furor
Graves gores the obscurer
Whose scholastic urbanity
Stuffs verses with vanity.
Abstractions noetic
Are rarely poetic.
There's little excuse
For a reference abstruse.

After all,
If one needs must be nimble
To uncover the symbol
Of this kind of poet:
He should stow it.

Thus Graves in this book
Lets fly with a hook
Lashes out at pretenses
With a swing for the fences.
He may be in error.
He *could* be fairer.
But his vigorous stance
Brings critical advance.
The Goddess will smile
At his slam-bang style.
What she abhors
. . . Are the bores.

PETER CRUMPET

ARTS AND MANNERS

(*Continued from p. 18*)

and has always professed a profound distaste for the society he lives in. Mr. Lionel Trilling, who, I take it, is also a socialist, remains disturbed by the vulgarities of his age. Even Mr. David Riesman, who has diligently translated all of Marx into the lingo of Sociology, suffers nonetheless from the collectivist reality. Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Trilling and Mr. Riesman as well, cannot stomach the world around them, even though they might agree with the triumphant tendencies. But Mr. Barzun (who can outquote all three, in several languages) is the nearest thing to a perfect yes-man this century has seen among cultural critics. His anger, if any, is reserved for those wretched but defunct literati who have minimized the nonconformists of past ages. As to his own time, Mr. Barzun is delighted—moderately delighted, to be sure (for no civilized man would ever get excited about *any*thing). but delighted just the same.

What will make him indispensable to the contemporary intelligentsia is his firmness that simply excludes the possibility that any civilized person could have, in *any* detail, a response different from Mr. Barzun's. This, one will notice, is exactly Mr. Murrow's technique on the television screen: Mr. Murrow is not just "merely reporting"—he is reporting in the only fashion known to civilized men. Both Mr. Barzun and Mr. Murrow have, of course, no sense of humor—humor being a whole cosmos apart from the ironical tinge of mockery that permeates their broadcasts. He who *has* a sense of humor may laugh them off. But only for a while. They are moving in on us. And I know a winner when I see one. Mr. Barzun is a winner.

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To the Editor

Buying Kohler

It has been years since anything made me quite as mad as your editorial on the UAW boycott of the Kohler Manufacturing Company ["If That's How They Want It," Sept. 8]. Just who do these characters think they are, to go around kicking decent people in the teeth?

If buying Kohler is what's needed, I'll go out and buy Kohler and so will my friends (although they don't know it yet) . . . .

Pittsburgh, Pa. IRENE C. LANDSMAN

. . . that was a swell, hard-hitting editorial on the union boycott of Kohler. You can count me in as a charter member of the Buy Kohler Club. . . .

Oklahoma City, Okla. KENNETH NEISCHER

Compass

My sincere thanks to all the people responsible for your magazine. It is a most helpful compass in picking one's way through the shifting sands of the intellectual desert; a delightful antidote for [*New York*] *Times* readers. . . . My particular thanks to Dr. Kirk, who would straighten our leaning Ivory Towers; Mr. Schlamm, who makes me feel I'm not the only one that feels that way, and to Mr. Kreuttner, whose great spaces and mixed-up faces have captured the spirit of the age.

Merrick, N.Y. JOAN M. MALONEY

Mr. Javits' Record

To get the record straight on New York's Attorney General Jacob Javits and his voting record while a member of Congress, I would like to call attention to the following:

Javits supported the Greek-Turkish aid bill for 1947 in direct opposition to Communist aims. Also aid to Korea, which Communism desperately hoped we'd ignore. Rep. Walter H. Judd . . . an ardent champion of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist regime, in a telegram to Javits said: "Shocked to read charges that you have been associated with Communists. If any Communists supported you politically it certainly was a bad bargain for them because I know from my long and close association with you in Congress that no one has been more intelligently and effectively anti-Communist than you."

The above information was printed in the *Baltimore Sun* on September 6, 1956.

Baltimore, Md. MRS. JOHN AVIRETT

"Liberal" Bridges

I have always understood that in renovating the Republican Party, Mr. Eisenhower and his friends hoped to attract to it a following of progressives, independents and liberals. And the recent accession to the party of Mr. Harry Bridges illustrates how brilliantly these hopes have been fulfilled.

Baltimore, Md. J. D. FUTCH, III.

Controversy Begins

After reading Ralph de Toledano's article "Notes for a Controversy," [Sept. 22], that is, as much as I could decipher with my small dictionary, I now feel not only brain-washed but dry-cleaned, even dry behind the ears. . . . When I recall the years I have wasted, believing in the greatness of George Washington, Thomas Paine, Calhoun, Walt Whitman, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, I now know how spiritually clean the Russians must feel, now that Stalin has been dropped into the discard.

I had been classifying myself as a conservative, but now I realize I am just a "negative manifestation"—a minus quantity. This sounds more charitable than *Time's* classification, "a gassy die-hard," or Helleck Hoffman's designation, "paranoid," or even Ike's "crackpot."

Because Mr. de Toledano knows I am "limited by a pantheon and demonology," I am sure he will pardon anything I have said in this letter. . . .

Westfield, Mass. B. A. PRINCE

Ralph de Toledano's able exposition of the contemporary conservative's frustration in his search for a platform, strengthens my feeling that those of us who oppose state welfarism are doing it the hard way. Why should the man who aspires to be master of his own soul in matters outside of faith, morals, law and order, be required to justify himself, either philosophically or historically?

If the once-dominant desire for self-determination is no longer an effective social dynamic in the New World, there is, in my opinion, no array of conservative logic or rhetoric that will shame the liberal breast. Freedom becomes complicated only when we attempt to idealize it. Why not try selling it in its natural state and find out the size of the market? We can't lose: we've tried everything else, and we *might* have more customers than we think.

New York City R. S. RIMANOCZY

I see by NR that Ralph de Toledano has plunged into the raging *kultur kampf* set off by Kirk—that leaning tower that is firmly based in Burke and leans perceptibly toward Schlesinger. Ralph prettily raises the question to which nobody seems to have a clear answer: "What is a conservative?"

The obvious answer is—there ain't no sech animule. There are traditionalists, but each one has a different tradition to which he adheres. Kirk, for instance, worships at the shrine of Burke, and Burke somewhere intimates that the State enjoys divine sanction. This is anathema to some who call themselves conservatives in that they swear by the Declaration of Independence. Others hold that conservatism was irrevocably defined by Adam Smith, while the followers of Henry George often claim that their prophet had conservatism by the tail. Finally, there is Clinton Rossiter.

It is a silly question, to which there is but one answer: a conservative is a conservative. He is chameleonic, his "principles" being what he would conserve. Right now, those who would conserve the trend toward collectivism have the best claim to the title.

As for me, I will punch anyone who calls me a conservative in the nose. I am a radical.

Berkeley Hts., N. J. FRANK CHODOROV

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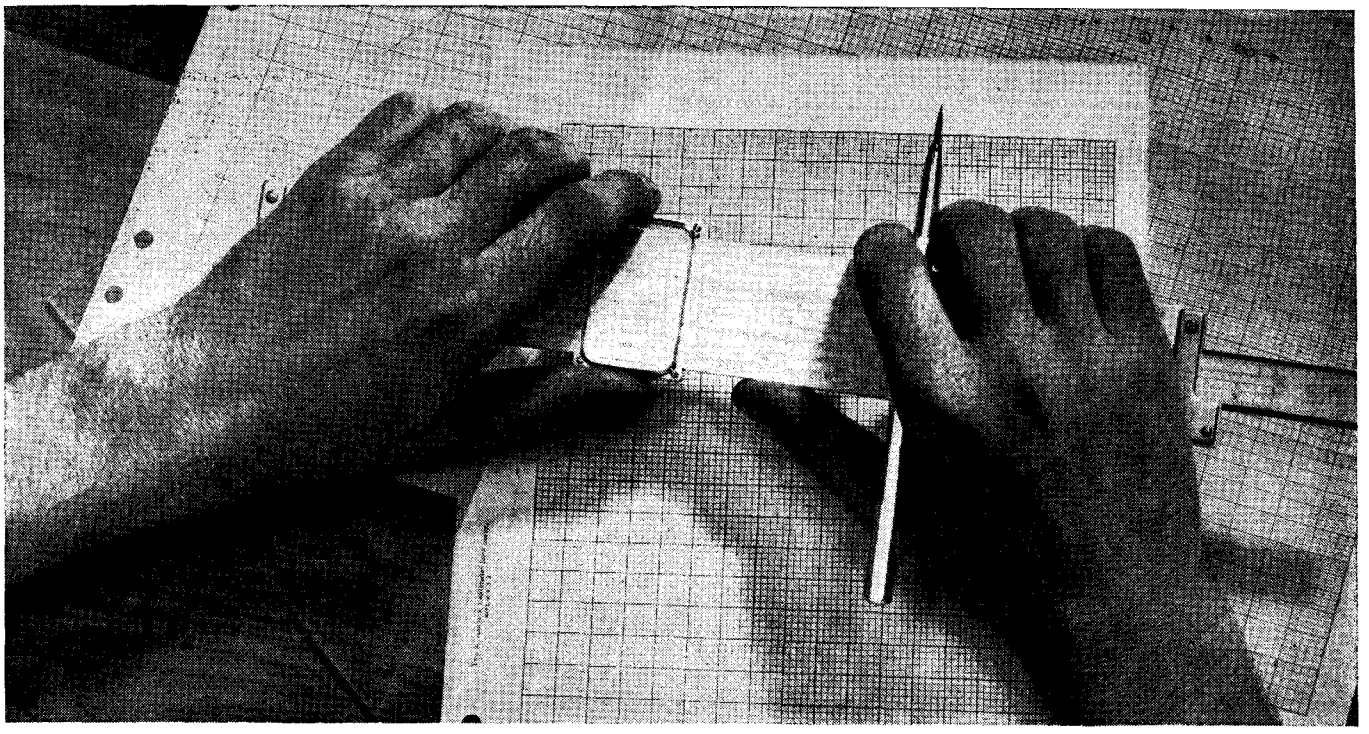

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